

STORIES TOLD BY DEWEY'S BRAVE MEN

Shells at Manila Bay Sounded Like a Covey of Quail.

Dewey's sailors are the happiest lot of Americans that ever came in sight of New York. They fairly hugged themselves with joy, these brawny, alert, clear-eyed, truly American men and lads (for most of them are beardless), when the Olympia sighted land on Tuesday morning.

And here are some of the tales they told a Journal reporter.

Said Chief Bos'n's Mate Fred Locke, a little man, of great girth and greater pluck: "Every one seemed glad to see us at the foreign ports and sorry when we left."

Big Hearts and Empty Stomachs. Locke was captain of the forward eight-inch gun on the Baltimore.

"We were off Corregidor when Captain Dyer addressed the men: 'You go with big hearts and empty stomachs,' said the captain. 'Let's see what you can do for the old flag.'"

"The shells were flying over our heads. The Olympia was flying the signal, 'Prepare for general action.' I asked the captain if I could begin firing. He made me wait until the order came from the flag ship. I tell you that was a ticklish time. We all wanted to get at the enemy, the captain as well as the rest of us, but he had to wait for the order, of course."

"During the second engagement we followed a strange vessel for some time. It had an eight-inch gun trained on her and was ready to let fly when some one discovered it was the English ship Esmeralda. That ended the chase."

"Bill" Sneath's Scar. "Bill" Sneath, who was second gun captain on the Raleigh, carries a scar on his forehead. While helping at one of the six-inch guns during the famous battle that added three stars to Dewey's flag, he was struck by the recoil of the gun. A comrade picked him up and a surgeon put six stitches in Sneath's head, but not until the engagement was over, for Sneath had no time to seek medical aid while the shells were flying about the deck.

"Did I hurt?" repeated Sneath, in answer to a reporter's question. "You bet I did, but every one was busy just at that time, so I thought I'd better stick to my gun and after a while I forgot all about it. When the action was over I had the wound sowed up."

Sagasta, the Filipino Pig. There are three members of Olympia's ship's company that are inseparable. They are William Smith, able seaman; Robert Tenschler, apprentice, and Sagasta. Sagasta is not on the ship's papers. He is a Filipino pig with a taste for liquor, who insists on sleeping with the two men to whose care he is intrusted.

"You can't shake Sagasta," said Smith. "He's the greatest pig on earth—or on the sea, rather. He drinks whiskey and I sometimes think he'd chew tobacco if he had the chance."

Played the Guitar in Battle. George Cottell, a colored man, fireman on the Olympia, is one of the most popular men on board. When the fleet was passing the fort at Manila, and when every body expected to be blown up by torpedoes, Cottell brought out his guitar and played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night."

IT WAS NO PICNIC AT DEWEY'S GUNS.

Plenty of Danger for Every Man While the Battle Was On.

A roundish, pudgy dent in the forward starboard sponson of the Olympia is the most easily visible of the few marks left by the battle of Manila Bay.

The crew seem to think a great deal of that small honorable scar, and like to show it to visitors. For if there is anything that hurts an Olympia flat-foot's feelings more than another it is for the visitor to look wise and say:

"Well, those Spaniards couldn't hit you, and all you had to do was to hit them."

To this kind of talk "Jacky" makes replies like this:

"They didn't hit us often, and there wasn't a man on board hurt by the enemy. But being almost hit is not like playing 'tea party.' Every minute there were shells so close to us that we were looking to be hit and hit hard by the next one."

But the gun deck is practically open to wonder once in a while which of us would get killed in about two seconds."

That is, there is a deck like a turtle's back which no one would know to be there unless an outcropping here and there were shown to him. This "deck," which is not something to walk on, is a curved shell of steel covering the machinery and magazines.

A projectile striking it from the right direction would pierce it, but the chances are that the enemy's projectiles will hit it at the proper angle and will be deflected. But the gun deck is practically open to any heavy shell from the enemy's batteries. The shell which made the dent in the sponson was going the wrong way. Had its angle been about 45 degrees different, it would have raked the gun deck diagonally, disabled at least one 6-inch gun, and killed a good many men. This is just what the Olympia's guns did to the other fellows on May 1, 1898.

On the vessels of the battle ship class a greater part of the fighting crew is in safer positions.

To the ordinary landman's conception the safest place in the ship is the ammunition hoist. He supposes, vaguely, that there is such a solid wall of steel around the channel from which the shot and powder are lifted to the gun deck that the enemy's shell might lift these elevators, of which there are half a dozen in various parts of the ship, and do no damage.

The fact is that these six points are about the most perilous to be in while under fire. The Olympia's band, by the way, had these posts of danger. There being no call for their music, they had to help the skilled musketeers in the secondary batteries entertain the Spaniards in San Montojo's ships.

Even in the turret the gunners were not safe. The barbette, which is the solid wall of steel in which the turret revolves, is thick enough to turn aside most of the shells, because it protects machinery and magazines. But the turrets in which the crews of four 8-inch guns work is of 3½-inch steel, which metal of equal or less weight than the big guns hurt can pierce easily.

A shell once inside the turret and exploding may be expected to account for every man inside.

Enough shells exploded in the water close to the forward turret of the Olympia to haul great waves over the foredeck and even to splash Dewey himself on the bridge. The gunners, of course, and Admiral Dewey, without a thought of doing anything else, kept about their several duties as if none of these unpleasant things had occurred.

DEWEY SEEN FROM BEHIND THE GUNS. Admiral Observed at Close Range on the Olympia Under Fire from Visitors.

For three hours on Friday a man in the after turret of the Olympia saw Admiral Dewey as he is seen by the Man Behind the Guns—at close range.

Within this huge inverted bucket, this diving bell of steel many inches thick, it is strangely still. Here men do not stay for long at a time. When fierce fighting keeps them in the cramped place for hours they come forth as come men from dungeons—exhausted, sick.

There is not room to move with comfort. The monsters of the Olympia, the great eight-inch guns, their massive barrels glistening cold and gray like the blade of a new knife, crowd out humbly.

And yet within these rounded walls of steel the gunner and his mates have made their homes. Upon the narrow perch where sat the man who in Manila Bay by his command freed the great shells that made Montojo's fleet a wreck, there is draped a Spanish woman's mantilla, a souvenir of Cavite. On the cold gray walls are Chinese swords—relics of Hong Kong, a woman's picture—a souvenir of home and a calendar, the reminder of the day that should bring the sailor there.

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to the man beside him with a bow, and pointing to him, asks the crowd:

"How is the Admiral looking?"

Then the people's hero walks away. But men and women surge even upon the turrets, and one man lying flat upon the guns pokes his camera almost in the Admiral's face. And even this is rewarded only by that kindly smile that, this time, has a protest in it.

Two women come to him as he stands there. He takes their hands graciously. They are interviewers, but he answers their questions without hesitation.

"The American women?" he says, in answer to a question. "They are the greatest in the world. I mean that—the greatest in the world."

One of the young women speaks of marriage and the honor he might confer upon some American woman. Dewey shakes his head negatively.

"It has come too late in life," he answers almost sadly, then with that laugh again, "But you can't tell. Look at my friend, General Merritt."

A man comes to present him with a flag and a letter, both from some society, and Dewey's reception makes him proud for the rest of his days.

Fifteen times go the rapid-fire guns. They come without warning, yet Dewey's eye never winks. He counts the shots mechanically as he walks. The last boom dies away.

"That is the Governor," he says. Presently up the aft starboard gangway runs Roosevelt, and after him come his staff and distinguished private citizens. Roosevelt and Dewey grasp each other warmly, each with his left hand upon the other's arm.

"How glad I am to see you." That is all they say, but they say it over and over again while the others wait. And you feel sure that Dewey is glad to grasp Governor Roosevelt's hand. He greets the others and then he recognizes Captain Coglian, of the Raleigh, who fought with him.

"Hello!" he cries. "Well, well. How well you are looking! What did it?" Then a pause as Dewey said. "Referring to the German episode?" Captain Coglian blushed, but joined heartily in the laugh that followed.

Again Dewey turns to Roosevelt. Here is an evidence of that thoughtfulness that has made him worshipped by his men.

"Governor, I want my men to see you. I want you to go up on deck. Brumby," this to his flag lieutenant—"Brumby, have the men called on deck; I want them to see the Governor."

"AFTER YOU."—TO ROOSEVELT. "After you," he says as Roosevelt pauses at the gangway, and together they pass through the lines of cheering men.

When they come again upon the quarter deck they are all old friends. Dewey has a way of making his visitors feel so. He is chatting, swapping stories, listening to his own praises only long enough to turn them into praise of others. Roosevelt has taken Captain Lambertson aside.

"You fellows don't realize what you are," he says. "I read Mahan about Trafalgar and Nelson, and I tell you you people are greater. Do you fellows realize that your names will go down in history for all time? Every schoolboy will learn it. That's a pretty big thing—and a pretty heavy responsibility."

"Yes," stammers Lambertson, blushing mightily.

Dewey has asked that Mrs. Roosevelt be brought on board. It is another evidence of the Admiral's attention to details. A launch returns from the shore with her and her four-year-old son. Dewey picks the boy up in his arms.

In another launch has come Captain Robley D. Evans and his two daughters. Other men have come, bringing women with them until the quarter deck is crowded.

Dewey presents Fighting Bob. "This is Captain Evans," he says. "You know, 'Fighting Bob'—the Apostle of Peace."

"That is my aim," says Fighting Bob. "Traitor," shouts Dewey above the laugh.

The Olympia's hand has struck up "Hot Time in the Old Town" as Roosevelt is leaving, and the guns boom out and women cover their ears to the deaf.

GREETED BY VERMONTERS. Then upon the quarterdeck comes the Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, followed by his staff in gilt and gold, belted and sworded and brided and formal, and Dewey seems almost nervous. Again the hand-shaking. Beardless youths are introduced as "Colonels" after the manner of Governor's staffs, and then the Lieutenant-Governor began his address. It is a prepared eulogy.

In behalf of the people of Vermont, I welcome you to your native land. The people of your native State are proud of your achievements, and when you come there—

"Oh, I'll be there. I am going there," cries the Admiral, and the formal address is lost in a real and glad welcome. That is another trait of Dewey seen at close range.

From somewhere has come an old friend. With him are the children, one a girl of five or six, with the face of a cherub. The girl and gold of the Vermonters terrified her not, and when she places her hand in Dewey's, the Admiral for a moment forgets that they are there.

"Hold her up," he asks, "that I may kiss her." He strokes the happy child's curls.

DEWEY STARTS THE POEM FACTORIES.

Multitudes, Inspired by His Home-Coming, Burst Into Song.

Some people take to writing poetry just as an innocent child often plays with a stick of dynamite. All such people who are now at liberty have turned their attention to Admiral Dewey, and the chief penalties of his greatness, in the shape of Dewey poems, are beginning to spring up in his path like ticks on a bicycle track.

Of these latest evidences of genius the Journal has received many—how many, no one knows, because no statistician has kept track of them. A rough estimate, however, places the number at 123,456,789, or less, including one from Sing Sing Prison, where evil communications are not supposed to corrupt good manners.

Among the first letters to arrive was this, from Chicago:

"To the Editor: If agreeable, kindly give space to the enclosed, which was written at random."

"MARGARET C. KEAN." CHICAGO DAY HERO. Oh, Admiral George Dewey, To New York city to-day we send Representatives of our dear city, With a great big invitation.

You may look for them in the harbor When your ship sails into the bay; You will know they're boys from Chicago By the little badge they'll wear.

We have not forgot the many ships You left sunk in Manila Bay; We remember the good work done On that famous day in May.

We know you will not fall out; We are waiting patiently for you, For Admiral George Dewey, Our hero on Chicago Day.

It is believed the Admiral himself has never done anything equal to this. No potentate upon this earth can wish him ever compare.

When war's blood o'er Manila flowed, His ground he firmly stood; The Olympia, with her walls of steel, The Spanish balls she did resist.

The empire of the ocean, He commands the seas; Triumphant, free, the American fleet, No match can meet.

Not in this world so wide, From the Philippines, Great store he brings, From Manila treasures draw.

Such good and just and civil law Our Union great has made, All honest men can now rejoice, The wicked are dismayed.

The Dickey Bird's Song. Humanity is more considerate than Clinton M. Dickey believes. He enclosed his verses with the remark that the editor would doubtless find room for them in the waste paper basket. Here are a few of them:

A man there is to fame held dear, Dewey, O our Dewey, And he's come home without a peer, Dewey, O our Dewey.

Those men that fought on Dewey's fleet, Dewey, O our Dewey, Behind the guns and in the heat, Dewey, O our Dewey!

Those men the world can never best, Dewey, O our Dewey! They never falter, nor retreat, Dewey, O our Dewey! They used the guns and used them well, Dewey, O our Dewey! While many a brave Castilian fell, Dewey, O our Dewey! 'Mid fire and smoke and earthly hell, Dewey, O our Dewey! The Spanish bulks beneath the stars, Dewey, O our Dewey! Montojo's skill in vain could save, Dewey, O our Dewey! There many a Spaniard found his grave, Dewey, O our Dewey! A resting place the waters gave, Dewey, O our Dewey! **Forgot His License.**

There is no charge for poetic license. By one of the anonymous contributors of Dewey odes sends this, in which it is obvious the writer did not even take out a poetic license:

To all my friends and citizens, All who are on hand, Our hero is back again to his Native land.

Chorus: Stretch out your banners, hoist high our flag, let every true American get on a "jag."

In the dim limbo of a Sing Sing dungeon these words grew into form. The Muse, rising triumphant from the unbacked mind, carols gaily, like a lark singing on the ledge of a gridded prison window. Here is the Sir Scribe's poetry:

Welcome home, O welcome home, you noble hero of the seas, For our hearts are thrown open, and to you we throw the keys; For no tongue can tell or pen can write the feelings on our parts Of the thankfulness and gratitude that lies within our hearts.

For did you not on the deep—yes, the deep and rolling waves, Conquer our ill-fated foes where they met their watery graves? You and the jolly sailor boys, the boys who fought in battle,

As they sailed round our glorious flag, the red, white and blue.

When you sailed from Hong Kong, China, on upon the ocean deep, Little thinking at the time how many poor souls were to sleep.

And we set the sail in the breeze, beneath the smiling sun, And set our course for the Philippines, for there's where the hero's begun.

Rivals the Centipede. A burst of classic music comes from William Gerald Kingston, of 336 Sixth avenue. It is composed in such a sonorous, heroic strain that one does not stop to consider effects of rhyme and metre in contemplating the poem. Its feet range from lambic dimeter to lambic hexameter, with a few dactyls thrown in for good measure. Outside of the Arizona centipede, nothing on earth displays such a multiplicity of feet as does this ode to Dewey. One verse of it reads:

All Hall Columbia's fair bounteous Land, Thy Fields of Victory, Thy Mountains Steep and Grand, Thy rivers rolling on from Sea to Sea, And Inlets forming Manly Bay; All Hall! All Hall! Columbia! All Hall! Thy daughter's lovelest of Woman Kind, Fair as the blushing Lily, bedewed in Morn's sunny tide,

Thy Sons, whose Soul ne'er yet knew fear, For Nought that Man could do but they will do and dare; All Hall! All Hall! Columbia! All Hall! These verses have not been shown to Admiral Dewey, but no doubt he will see them, provided some friend of his does not see them first.

Hicks—They tell me that Burns was in the army in the sixties.

Hicks—Oh, yes, served three years. I believe it.

Hicks—Ah, I see; was on the Confederate side, of course.—Boston Transcript.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HYPNOTIST

THE century now nearing its close has been well called the "wonder period" of the world's progress. From the most commonplace point of view this title is fully deserved.

The human race, as a whole, is better fed, better clothed, better housed and lighter worked than our grandfathers, in their youth, could ever have dreamed possible.

The clerk or mechanic of to-day may have comforts and conveniences that the wealth of a prince could not procure a century ago. The modern man is most truly a lord of creation. Steam and electricity have lessened his labors, conquered time and distance for him, and are providing for countless needs of his home and person. Chemistry, photography, microscopy, and many other sciences, either new or developed, are each doing a part to yield him some gratification.

Yet what is all this at best but the victory of mind over matter? The century has given us a nobler growth, a far richer fruit. It has developed as its crowning gift a science that makes plain and practicable, the sway of MIND OVER MATTER.

This unique and exalted science is the one we call HYPNOTISM. It is as far above the natural sciences, valuable though they are, as mind itself is superior to the lifeless clods of earth. It contains powers and mysteries that are beyond the scope of any of them. It answers to interior yearnings and sympathies that have thrilled the race of men since this old world began. As geology pierces the rocks and astronomy soars to the stars, so Hypnotism explores the depths and follows the empyrean flights of thought. Its work and its achievements are in the moulding of the human will, the most independent and God-like faculty of created beings. And yet this noble science, at once so mighty and mysterious, is also found to be based on purely natural laws, and to be a willing and intelligent agent in promoting the health and happiness of the humblest

person who cultivates it. In fact, this is its true mission, and may plainly be seen by all who study my illustrated

FREE OF COST to anybody who writes me for a copy. That you may judge the merits of this book I must tell you without a particle of egotism that I am known as

America's Leading Hypnotist.

This distinction is conceded to me abroad as well as at home. I have won it by the devotion of a lifetime to Hypnotic science. It was my delight as a student, and became my sole interest and profession when I emerged on the stage of action. People called me an enthusiast and a "crank" on the subject, but I never cared for that. From the hour I could Hypnotize a subject I gave myself up heart and soul to the fascinations of this wonderful power. What were the rocks and the stars to me when I had for my open book the mind of man, the storehouse of all knowledge and the mainspring of all action in this mortal life? I have studied every word of authority that was written on the subject. I made researches and tests and explorations of my own. Like a monarch striding through his capital I had my empire all around me. I tasted the sweets of power without any of its obtrusiveness or its tinsel trappings. Happily I also realized that my science was a trust, that nature makes no such gifts for merely selfish ends, and that the elevation and well-being of others, so far as Hypnotism could assure them, were now set before me as a purpose and lifework. Thus it was I became

From giving private demonstrations among my friends I was gradually impelled to take the platform before the general public. Everywhere I started my audiences with the phenomena of Hypnotism, my own knowledge and mastery of it growing greater with each new appearance. Sometimes I merely amused people with the absurdly funny situations that Hypnotism makes possible on the stage. I also demonstrated, by thousands on thousands of cases, its incomparable efficacy for healing the sick, relieving all pain, correcting vicious habits in young and old, and in guiding the aims of the wayward or dependent into channels of rectitude, courage and success.

Many are the parents' hearts I have gladdened by the reformation of an erring or wilful child. Many a slave of habit have I rescued from a degrading bondage. Many a despairing business man or baffled fortune-seeker have I guided by a course of thought into sure ways of prosperity. Many a worthy ambition I have lifted toward its goal; many a discordant home I have formed to an abode of peace; many a forlorn heart I have revived with the certainty of winning the object of its love. It was an entrancing occupation to me, as it is to all who pursue it, for while I was earning fame and fortune for myself I was doing good to those around me more effectually than if I were owner of the fabled "four-leaved shamrock." Well has it been said that the greatest happiness on earth is earned by making the happiness of others.

As with all ardent enthusiasts I became eager in the course of time to impart my knowledge and my gifts to others. My discoveries in the science, and especially my methods of instantaneous Hypnotism, had caused me to be recognized as an authority in Hypnotism. I knew that wonderful as it seemed and startling as were its results, it was a science

Very Easy to Learn. I therefore sought for a new fame in teaching the art. I knew how astonishing its developments were to the people, and yet how very simple and natural it was in its essence. Anybody could learn it as easily as I did, and perform the same or even greater wonders with it, while it was still regarded in some quarters with superstitious awe. People considered it a weird, uncanny thing, when in reality it was a beneficent help to justice and education, an infallible anodyne for the sleepless, a balm for the sorrowing, a key to reputation, advancement and fortune and a sure winner of "love, honor and troops of friends." In this new and correct light it was my happiness to present it, and thus it has been realized by all who have studied it with me. Some of my pupils are now in the front ranks as Hypnotists, and there never yet was one who sent for my FREE BOOK, the "Key to the Mysteries of Hypnotism," who did not feel grateful to me for putting the science before him in a clear light. Remember that this book costs absolutely nothing. There is no mailing charge, after charge nor claim of any sort in connection with it. You have no outlay whatever but the stamp or postal card necessary to forward your request, and the book comes to you FREE by the next succeeding mail. It is a gift. It has been a labor of love with me, as well as a tribute to

the art and science that have builded up my fortunes. Like all who have mastered Hypnotism, I know it to be the greatest marvel of our age, and that the time is fast approaching when it will be the most popular of studies and the recognized

Queen of Sciences. Now, reader, where do you stand? What do you know of it beyond mere newspaper gossip or an exhibition by some illiterate travelling Hypnotist? Would you trust to such meagre sources for a knowledge of Arithmetical, Mechanical, or any other science on which depended your livelihood, position and personal safety? YOU WOULD NOT, and I assure you now and here that much more depends on Hypnotism, in so far as it is the science of MIND and is to-day commanding the allegiance

of all progressive legislators, jurists, physicians, teachers, nurses, employers and persons who require to INFLUENCE OTHERS, either in public or private life. And yet this influence over minds is but a suggestion of the benefits you can personally derive from Hypnotism. In the domain of sickness and suffering it is plainly destined to be the healing science of the future. Already it is fast superseding the old anaesthetics in surgery and the useless drugs of the pharmacy. In the courts it is employed to elicit sound evidence and trace the intricacies of crime. In the colleges it is used to stimulate the laggard intellects and

unlock the problems of abstruser learning. In prisons and reformatories it is a means of correcting vice and an aspiration to better living. It is the weapon of the successful statesman, the ambitious politician, the thriving merchant, the go-ahead salesman, the eager student, and everywhere and always of that man who

"Grasps the skirts of happy chance And breathes the slowness of circumstance."

YOU CAN'T AFFORD to be ignorant of a science so universal in its sway, and so vast in its possibilities. YOU CAN'T AFFORD to have false or inaccurate notions of its powers and its scope. YOU CAN'T AFFORD to be blinded to its real worth by the vapors of prejudice or the silly estimates of the newspapers. In fine, if you are an intellectual man, or even an ordinarily intelligent one, YOU CAN'T AFFORD to rest with a mere smattering knowledge of the one and only science that deals with the inner consciousness of your fellow-beings, and gives you the control of spirit as other sciences do of inert matter.

You Must Know Hypnotism

As it is, and as it promises to be, and nowhere can you find such an accurate and comprehensive survey of it as in my "Key to the Mysteries of Hypnotism," now offered to you FREE. This treatise is the fruit of years of Hypnotic research and experience in demonstrating the art. It contains only what is true and ALL that is true of value. It takes you all through the History, phenomena and uses of Hypnotism, and even shows you in detail how it is employed to give entertainments for amusement and profit. Everything is set forth in plain, readable style, and wherever illustration may serve to make a point clearer an artistic picture is provided to fill the bill. No man or woman can read the book without profit. They will be fully informed on a subject that is a frequent topic of conversation. Their minds will be swept clear of antique prejudices and rustic misconceptions, and many will find in the book an opening to a lucrative, an honorable calling, as well as a sure instrument of health, wealth and happiness.

And remember, IT IS FREE. As long as the supply holds out I shall send it to all who ask. I want everybody to know at least enough about Hypnotism to be free from the reproach of being utterly behind his time. I want everybody to have a chance to know what Hypnotism can do to enlighten and uphold him in mind and fortune.

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF MY "KEY TO THE MYSTERIES OF HYPNOTISM" THIS VERY DAY.

Address Prof. L. A. HARRADEN

Box 55, Lakeview, N. J.

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